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Between the
eye
and the
MOON

RHYTHMS OF THE SEA

(a collection of poetry)

by

Hal and Beverly Hall

the SEA

NANTUCKET ISLAND

1965

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(a collection of poetry)

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Between the
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and the
MOON —

the Sea

Between the

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and the

moon —

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AFTER NOON

Singular creations creep across the brow
of thought, much as if an inch worm
measured fine hairs, thinking they were grass,
on a warm and windy afternoon...

Lying here on a blanket of summer warmth,
I love life!
and knives of grass and prickly-seeds
biting through the blue, buffed wool...

EURHYTHMICS

On my right shoulder the sun is warm,
On my left thigh the shade is strong.
Kiss me...

by

Magnificence is the heart of motorboat
on the creek,
speaking in whirrs — whispering.
Strong is the heart of sea-turned earth
beating against me, n a r e, mainly rate...

hal

Bees pretend to bother in the sun...
Moosehorns in the wind of sun,
Motorboats...

Sail to me in softness, my love — I am Pan —
and place swords of grass into my curls —
and the dog-one you want
is the god-animal
I am.

W. H. H. H.

EURHYTHMICS

by

Isa

AFTER LK NOON

The shiver of coldness
Is what you need
To justify the unleashed heat

Singular creations creep across the brow
of thought, much as if an inch worm
measured fine hairs, thinking they were grass,
on a warm and windy afternoon....

Lying here on a blanket of summer warmth,
I love life!
and knives of grass and prickly-weeds
biting through the blue, buffed wool....

On my right shoulder the sun is warm.
On my left thigh the shade is strong.
Kiss me....

Magnificence is the heart of motorboat
on the creek,
speaking in whirrs — whispering.
Strong is the heart of sea-turned earth
beating against me, m a r e, mainly mate....

Bees pretend to bother in the sun....
Moonchurns in the wind of sun,
Motorboats....

Sail to me in softness, my love — I am Pan —
and place swords of grass into my curls —
and the dog-one you want
is the god-animal
I am.

For the dominance of water,
The wave of the sea,
Will break the point of your neck
And slaughter
The existence of sand
And land —

and make it part of me.

AFTER NOON

Singular creations creep across the brow
of thought, much as if an inch worm
measured fine hairs, thinking they were grass,
on a warm and windy afternoon...

Lying here on a blanket of summer warmth,
I love life!
and knives of grass and prickly-weeds
bitting through the blue, buffed wool...

On my right shoulder the sun is warm.
On my left thigh the shade is strong.
Kiss me...

Magnificence is the heart of motorboat
on the creek,
speaking in whirrs -- whispering.
Strong is the heart of sea-turned earth
beating against me, in a r e, rainy rate...

Bees pretend to bother in the sun...
Moonbeams in the wind of sun,
Motorboats...

Sail to me in softness, my love -- I am Pan --
and place swords of grass into my curls --
and the dog-one you want
is the god-animal
I am.

WHELK

Cold winds come...diamond fishnets stretch and rot where they hang...
 with the early blackness like beauty, feeling, goodness...hidden
 seas...underfoot...Wind pushing through the cracks
 bring birds fleeing southward... away from the dead-
 land.
 The shiver of coldness
 Is what you need
 To justify the unleashed heat
 That comes to the green
 Only after a hurricane,
 Bringing the debris
 Of a thousand years,
 The gray shells and the tears,
 Seaworn, woven in patterns of the deep.
 You sleep a thousand years in the quiet solitude
 Of nothingness and mire,
 So no one will intrude;
 Now you look to the short days ahead,
 Upon the beach, a tangled gray pearl,
 Destroyed by the sand and the wave and the wind and the dead,
 To powder you expire.

Stop deep and rest your nets to sea;
 For only where green turns to blue is true reality.

HURRICANE

Deep blue...boughs of autumn trees,
 Brown nest that is no home to thee,
 Chicks-dee-dee-dee, Chicks-dee.
 And the sea punched the break
 Like a mad man,
 Cutting through the bar
 Early one Thursday morning.
 Here then, is the punishment
 Of accidental being,
 Ten thousand
 Or more years ago —
 That you should stand in my way.
 Even under most...to thank. The splashing sea was
 cool...Driftwood, wine fire hid them...
 the...embraced the curve...their
 lips...Now the searist gathers
 and...desert of salt in the dead, dead sea.
 Wint...of half-dreams and no reality...winter brings
 stone and not the sea...one dive and then a crushing blow — a dead
 ran...cold winds bring the harvest of flowers.
 Between the wheel-ruts grew a thistle and a violet...separate, but
 with roots entwined in a single, earthy tuft of sand...they took the
 purple from the sunlight. How far can Diana see beyond the blue-
 red dusk of earth's curve... into the blinding face of her father?

WHEEL

The shiver of coldness
Is what you need
To justify the unleashed heat
That comes to the green
Only after a hurricane,
Bringing the debris
Of a thousand years,
The gray shells and the tears,
Seaworn, woven in patterns of the deep.
You sleep a thousand years in the quiet solitude
Of nothingness and fire,
So no one will intrude;
Now you look to the short days ahead,
Upon the beach, a tangled gray pearl,
Destroyed by the sand and the wave and the wind and the dead,
To powder you expire.

HURRICANE

And the sea punched the break
Like a mad man,
Cutting through the bar
Early one Thursday morning.
Here then, is the punishment
Of accidental being,
Ten thousand
Or more years ago —
That you should stand in my way.
For the dominance of water,
The wave of the sea,
Will break the point of your neck
And slaughter
The existence of sand
And land —
and make its part of me.

DIRGE

Cold winds come...diamond fishnets stretch and rot where they hang...
with the early blackness flies beauty, feeling, goodness...hidden
seashells crunch to powder underfoot...Wind pushing through the cracks
brings the last yelp of birds fleeing southward... away from the dead-
land. And you took wing to the southland.

Winter brings a time of thought...an eternity of hibernation and in-
troversion...life huddled in a cavern leans on summer fat and dreams,
alone...winds push him to the near-past of warm sunshine, the thoughts
of seabirds flying over mossy ponds...and around dunes...everywhere
was sunlight and shifting sand in the ocean breezes...everywhere was
the active heat of life. Now the sand is washed by the cold sterility
of night-fog that blows from the foaming sea.

Cold winds also bring a paradox, of Thanksgiving for the day that was...
gladness for life, not death,
And song:

You who fish for love and truth and beauty,
Step deep and cast your nets to sea;
For only where green turns to blue is true reality.

Deep blue above the boughs of autumn tree,
Brown nest that is no home to thee,
Chicka-dee-dee-dee, Chicha-dee.

Autumn comes with green and yellow darts through the boughs...
ask what matters nesting places now, with winter here and the
green bird gone, the green bird with the stuttering song. The
day that was has been stopped, not as the soft-breathing beachman
fading toward slumber, but as the dread wench of the hurricane come
to shred the canvas of life. No snakes nor rabbits leave their
prints...except on the still-warm sands of the heart...love...
gratitude...doing...hate. Are we now a part of the frozen moon,
torn from the spider-web universe? Why is it cold?

Even under moonlight they paused to thank. The splashing sea was
cool but friendly in its blackness. Driftwood, wine fire hid then...
their arms stretched to the horizon and embraced the curve...their
lips kissed the breeze and it was salty. Now the searist gathers
and trickles down like tears...a desert of salt in the dead, dead sea.

Winter is a shadow of half-dreams and no reality...winter brings
stone and not the sea...one dive and then a crushing blow —a dead
man on the rocks below. And cold winds bring the harvest of flowers.
Between the wheel-ruts grew a thistle and a violet...separate, but
with roots entwined in a single, earthy tuft of sand...they took the
purple from the sunlight. How far can Diana see beyond the blue-
red dusk of earth's curve... into the blinding face of her father?

DIRE

Cold winds come...diamond fishermen stretch and rot where they hang...
with the early blackness flies beauty, feeling, goodness...hidden
seashells crunch to powder underneath...Wind pushing through the cracks
brings the last yelp of birds fleeing southward...away from the dead-
land. And you took wing to the southland.

Winter brings a time of thought...an eternity of hibernation and in-
trusion...life huddled in a cavern leans on summer fat and dreams,
alone...winds push him to the near-past of warm sunshine, the thoughts
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gladness for life, not death.

And song:

You who fish for love and truth and beauty,
Step deep and cast your nets to sea;
For only where green turns to blue is true reality.

Deep blue above the boughs of autumn trees,
Brown nest that is no home to thee,
Chicks-dee-dee, Chicks-dee.

Autumn comes with green and yellow darts through the boughs...
ask what matters nesting places now, with winter here and the
green bird gone, the green bird with the stuttering song. The
day that has been stopped, not as the soft-breathing beachman
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man on the rocks below. And cold winds bring the harvest of flowers.
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with roots entwined in a single, earthy turf of sand...they took the
purple from the sunlight. How far can Diana see beyond the blue-
red dusk of earth's curve...into the blinding face of her father?

Diana, come from hunting and death. Look into the sun.
Bring the purple to the flowers.
What led Diana to the June sea...slowly into unknown foam?
A new shell upon the sands.

SHOPPING LIST -- YOU KNOW

The shoals stretch sea into a single white line.
Beware,

it writes.

Beyond the shoals, sunshine warms the deep,
a thousand rays try
to touch the little earths where
live the microscopic life-ooze of a million lives,
or deaths, life-deaths.

At high water there came a dead whelk to the shore...
a beachman
picked it up,
to think and remember...
twisted shell, a long gray coil...
a broken memory of an autumn gale.

You who fish the seas,
Kiss the gray and ancient shell,
Taste its salt,
Its tears.
Smell it as a male and female.
Is this what you seek?
A shell or memory?
Or eternity?

Take it, for it's all you've got,
Like the ghost of spring that
Will never come again...
Nor life.

Diana, come from hunting and death. Look into the sun.
Bring the purple to the flowers.
What led Diana to the June sea... slowly into unknown foam?
A new shell upon the sands.

The shoals stretch sea into a single white line.
Beware.

it writes.
Beyond the shoals, sunshine warns the deep,
a thousand rays try
to touch the little earths where
live the microscopic life-come of a million lives,
or death, life-death.

At high water there came a dead whale to the shore...
a beachman
picked it up,
to think and remember...
twisted shell, a long grey coil...
a broken memory of an autumn gale.

You who fish the seas,
Kiss the grey and ancient shell,
Taste its salt,
Its tears.
Smell it as a male and female.
Is this what you seek?
A shell or memory?
Or eternity?

Take it, for it's all you've got,
Like the ghost of spring that
Will never come again...
Nor life.

DESIRE AND THE DEVIL

Short of senses in undercurrent blackness,
You speak in blips,
And feel, in the darkness, the likeness
Of touch.

SHOPPING LIST -- YOU KNOW

Faintly glowing in the gloomy dark --
You lure from far away your prey
To wide stylized jaws of dual-banked sabres.
And sometimes you rise into
The gray,
The greenness of the uplift current,

She kissed my life with sunshine hair
web-whipped through sandy winds
and beach-grass eyes changed
by every breeze of thought and
feeling

To meaning
like the sea through all its tides
is never the same yet always a part
Of power
by this dune where lives my heart.

Years of days I've known you
on this wind-flung beach I call our own
where you dash to the sea and know me
and what and whom I can love.

Like the touch of your hand on my side
at night, the locking grip of your thighs
I know the tide and your eyes of green
For you are the wave of my sea
and I am a part of the power of what you are
and want to be.

To seaward, not to defy the gull...

Hel

But to bring the breath of freedom
Take the belonging breadth of soul --
Take Always-Being --
Take the bottom soul of Spring Tide --
Take the madness of July.

Ah! with the wind high --
Let it chill my belly till I cry.

SHOPPING LIST -- YOU KNOW

She kissed my life with sunshiny hair
web-whipped through sandy winds
and beach-grass eyes changed
by every breeze of thought and
feeling
To meaning
like the sea through all its tides
is never the same yet always a part
Of power
by this time where lives my heart.

Years of days I've known you
on this wind-blown beach I call our own
where you dash to the sea and know me
and what and whom I can love.

Like the touch of your hand on my side
at night, the locking grip of your thighs
I know the tide and your eyes of green
For you are the wave of my sea
and I am a part of the power of what you are
and want to be.

DESIRE AND THE DEVIL

Short of senses in undercurrent blackness,
You speak in blips, one angle of these stolid
And feel, in the darkness, the likeness
Of touch. joints on long girders, they have
Angler with antennae swaying — miles of island
Faintly glowing in the gloomy muck — als and
You lure from far away your prey They have
To wide abysmal jaws of dual-banked sabres. you
And sometimes you rise into after than wind,
The gray, tempered fery. High from a dune
The greenness of the uplift current, over clang-
To feed on ducklings in the bay as have trampled
And die, stranded on the sand. From steel to
animal, now— you are dressed in sandals, but be-
low, blessed by callouses, I kiss the sole of
your rest,

RHYTHMS

CROSS CURRENTS

When you feel my sadness, know my tears as rebirth, a mantle of
ocean on the earth; the chance to smell a market in the morning
or a hangnuckle in the sun; or fresh wood mixed with chemicals
of love. Ah! with the wind high, wood, the cold bears of noon
that warn It's like the essence of a hot breath anywhere! around
me. Chilling my belly
The open b And making me laugh. on our souls, threading through
the calm melodies of sea. So great a touch of life lives well
in awe and Ha! Ha! with the wind high on you are of my all and
I am free. I spit at death —
To leeward, not to defy the hull
Ha! Ha!
To seaward, not to defy the gull...

Ha!

CARCO

But to bring the breath of freedom
Into the belonging breadth of soul —
Into Always-Being — of my love and courage,
Into the bottom soul of Spring Tide —
Into the madness of July. inds at ease, and
once again will be. Reef not your sails, my feverly,
Ah! with the wind high — ill and free and true to the
Let it chill my belly till I cry. on the battering sea
with no fear of torrents, for seas will be soft and wind
once again will ease.

DESIRE AND THE DEVIL

Short of senses in undercurrent blackness,
 You speak in lips,
 And feel, in the darkness, the likeness
 Of touch.
 Angier with antennae swaying —
 Faintly glowing in the gloomy track —
 You lure from far away your prey
 To wide sphygmal jaws of dual-banded saffron.
 And sometimes you rise into
 The grey,
 The greenness of the uplift current,
 To feed on ducklings in the bay
 And die, stranded on the sand.

CROSSCURRENTS

Ah! with the wind high,
 It's like the essence of a hot breath
 Chilling my belly
 And making me laugh.

Ha! Ha! with the wind high
 I spit at death —
 To leeward, not to defy the hull
 Ha! Ha!
 To seaward, not to defy the gull...

Ha!

But to bring the breath of freedom
 Into the belonging breadth of soul —
 Into Always-Being —
 Into the bottom soul of Spring Tide —
 Into the madness of July.

Ah! with the wind high —
 Let it chill my belly till I cry.

SAND-ALLS

Not my right hand nor any stronger force of nature, could bend one angle of these stolid hammers you have stretched to my knees, like steel joints on long girders, they have dented paths across a thousand miles of island sand and macadam before they grew sandals and became leather, once more animal. They have slugged sand with ripping cadence, hurling you furlongs along the beach, swifter than wind, raced your tempered form. High from a dune they have plunged you like a pile driver clanging to the landsand. Their plates have trampled bramble for fine blackberries. From steel to animal, now—you are dressed in sandals, but below, blessed by callouses, I kiss the sole of your rest.

RHYTHMS

When you feel my sadness, know my tears as rebirth, a mantle of ocean on the earth; the chance to smell a market in the morning or a honeysuckle in the sun; or fresh wood mixed with chemicals of love. The chance to touch the wood, the cold beams of moon that warm the wood — the form of you inside everywhere: around me.

The open beat of rhythms finger on our souls, threading through the calm melodies of sea. So great a touch of life lives well in awe and fears, and the tears I brush on you are of my all and I am free.

CARGO

Within the ribbing of your tempered beams
Consigned is a cargo of my love and courage,
The planned industry of many dreams
When seas were soft and winds at ease, and
once again will be. Reef not your sails, my Beverly,
Let your gold rigging fly wild and free and true to the
word of nature you are. Ride high on the battering sea
with no fear of torrents, for seas will be soft and wind
once again will ease.

SAND-ALLS

Not my right hand nor any stronger force of
nature, could bend one angle of these stilled
hammers you have stretched to my knees,
like steel joints on long girder, they have
bent paths across a thousand miles of island
sand and macadam before they grew sandals and
became leather, once more animal. They have
slugged sand with tripping cadence, hurrying you
furlongs along the beach, swifter than wind,
raced your tempered form. High from a dune
they have plunged you like a pile-driver clang-
ing to the landward. Their plates have trampled
pramble for fine blackberries. From steel to
animal, now—you are dressed in sandals, but be-
low, blessed by callouses, I kiss the sole of
your rest.

RHYTHMS

When you feel my sadness, know my tears as rebirth, a mantle of
ocean on the earth; the chance to smell a market in the morning
or a honeysuckle in the sun; or fresh wood mixed with chemicals
of love. The chance to touch the wood, the cold beams of moon
that warm the wood—the form of you inside everywhere: around
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The open beat of rhythms finger on our souls, threading through
the calm melodies of sea. So great a touch of life lives well
in awe and tears, and the tears I push on you are of my all and
I am free.

CARGO

Within the ribbing of your tempered beams
Consigned is a cargo of my love and courage,
The planned industry of many dreams
When seas were soft and winds at ease, and
once again will be. Reef not your sails, my Beverly,
let your gold rigging fly wild and free and true to the
word of nature you are. Ride high on the battering sea
with no fear of torrents, for seas will be soft and wind
once again will ease.

AT SI

This is the notebook of a golden gull who made a chopping list
Just-in-time. A poem of things to get, a pausing of life for me to see!

There would be no beat
(you see)
no pattern nor melody,
no music but the swells and the breeze,
no time for creativity
no love-making (only with luffed sails)
and only slavery till final landfall --
watch on -- watch off
to the beach

There could be no landfall
without your touch

(KODAK tri-I pan -- STICK -- JOURNAL: tri-I film: should be...) held, hold-
ing/ free to light/ on us...

III- She was with me/ before we spoke/ The boat kept going/ she stayed
with me/ Her schedule was kept to it/ The boat kept leaving
on time/ and she stayed -- in time...

ONCE THE MOON

(LV. NAN 2:15, 4:30 (Oak Bluffs) -- 5:30, 7:45 (Vinyard Haven) W 5-2531)

Once the moon
climbed clear and blinding
through the sage and bayleaf on the summit
of an island moor -- and I cried
for the deepest sadness of joy, while notes
measured and modulated
painted piano strings
of madness across the sky
with aching fingers of blatant light.

I live now -- grown -- with lyra and luna
burning through my side
in pulsing harmony, and
the hay-crowned moors
fan me with silvered happiness.

Time, monster-aby-toothed
to heart, vicious froster by spray/ looking to turn the tide of sea to si/
to peg a driftwood plank/ lashed by love/ into a deck/ Just-in-I'ME...
sribe, si... With every crashing wave/ sand fleas moved/ across the tide-
line/ as waves receded, they/ burrowed new tunnel homes with no knowing,
little feeling sand -- fleas... And the sea slashed/ through their grey-
staked homes/ until there was nothing left but lasting home.

AT 21

There would be no best
(you see)
no pattern nor melody,
no music but the swell and the breeze,
no time for creativity
no love-making (only with luffed sails)
and only slavery till final landfall —
watch on — watch off
to the beach

There could be no landfall
without your touch

ONCE THE MOON

Once the moon
climbed clear and blinding
through the sage and bayleaf on the summit
of an island moor — and I cried
for the deepest sadness of joy, while notes
measured and modulated
painted piano strings
of sadness across the sky
with aching fingers of distant light.

I live now — with lyre and lute
burning through my side
in pulsing harmony, and
the hay-crowned moors
fan me with silvered happiness.

NANTUCKET — SI (a notebook)

This is the notebook of my golden gull who made a shopping list
JUST-in-time. A poem of things to get, a paition of life for me to see:

(hardware store — moth balls, gold hangers, hook and eye) Her not-book
of poetry...

I- She saw a winged horse/ who made life into poetry/ who caused the stream
to run/ to the sea — with one tap of her hoof/ on leathered land ...

(DRAWING: Pegasus flies high, Mobiled above the trees and red as sun)

II- She pictured life in chordant angles/ and packaged warmth around me/
She tried and e-X-ceeded/ from miniature to momentos/ fast-in-sun/ exposed/
loaded only in sub-dued light...

(KODAK tri-X pan — MINOX — CAUTION: tri-X film should be...)

held, hold-
ing/ free to light/ on me...

III- She was with me/ before we spoke./ The boat kept going/ she stayed
with me./ Her schedule was full/ and she kept to it./ The boat kept leaving
on time/ and she stayed — in time...

(LV. NAN 2:15, 4:30 (Oak Bluffs) — 5:30, 7:45 (Vinyard Haven) MI 5-2521)

IV- Time is an adventure of many moments. An adventure of an artist who
once drew pleasure in a sun-filled land. A unicorn gone bull-fighter, who
gave a thought in humor to oriental fun — translated to many moods and
tongues, from "no" to "si"!...

(N.B: Nantucket SI — see-sea. Say no to 2 in hong kong (off to to-ko-yo)
and si to 2 in Nan-tuck-it (go-to-yo) off from memorable nursings, SING—
nurse... you have a new song... (Shhhh... I'm having my picture taken.)
You have to have alot of self to live on an island — nature sophisticate.)

V- Time is a continuum of grasping senses and sensitivities. Athwart the
stove-door/ legs franed/ flames to my reach/ green eyes saw me/ as a satyr/
living lips fired me later/ and turned to ash/ years of cartoned fears/
slowly in-/tensely in-/tensively/ biting, bighted— bit.

(Just in time we looked for whales' teeth...)

Time, monster- moby-toothed
to heart. Visions frosted by spray/ boozing to turn the tide of sea to si/
to peg a driftwood plank/ lathed by love/ into a desk/ Just-in-I'ME...
ariba, si... With every smashing wave/ sand flees moved/ across the tide-
line/ as waves receded, they/ burrowed new tunnell homes with no knowing,
little feeling sand - fleas... And the sea slashed/ through their gray-
staked homes/ until there was nothing left but lasting home.

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just-in-time. A poem of things to get, a patting of life for me to see:

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I-- She saw a winged horse who made life into poetry who caused the stream
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(DRAWING: Pegasus flies high, huddled above the trees and red as sun)

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She tried and e-X-ceeded from miniature to momentos fast-in-sun exposed
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held, held,

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(W.B. Nantucket 21 -- see-see. Say no to 2 in Hong Kong (off to to-ko-vo)
and si to 2 in Nantucket-it (go-to-vo) off from memorable nurseries, SING--
nurses... you have a new song... (Sphinx... I'm having my picture taken.)
You have to have a lot of self to live on an island -- nature sophisticated.)

V-- Time is a continuum of grasping senses and sensitivities. Atward the
stove-door legs framed flames to my reach green eyes saw me as a satyr
living lips fired me later and turned to ash years of cartooned fears
slowly in-tensely in-tensively biting, bitted-- bit.

(Just in time we looked for whales' teeth...)

Time, monster-moby-toothed
to heart. Visions frosted by spray boozing to turn the tide of sea to si/
to peg a driftwood plank lashed by love into a desk just-in-time...
tribe, si... With every smashing wave sand flees moved across the tide-
line as waves receded, they burrowed new tunnel homes with no knowing
little feeling sand - fleas... And the sea flashed through their gray-
staked homes until there was nothing left but lasting home.

VI- Time is a lasting home of feeling. Time is an active gull, ever hungry for life; seeing beauty, doing of heart — a being of beauty to see.

(Gull — lug — sea-lug — si...)

A strong gull who/ carried a shell-filled dinner over rocks/ but never dropped it./ A gull of grace and movement/ motion is a life-to-do — a standing forward in steps/ a standing up-to/ a voyage by sea/ a mate with a catain/ a ride on land with an aged hitch-hiker — to a greeting of family-love/ a fading premonition and admission. Time is motion underway...

A Vinyard shivering/ a binding of cold nature — a cold welding of steel/ a candle-heat of wood and sex smells in the candled flame/ motion is raid. Water/sea — Time is male and female...

VII- (seeing dance and death — Alive — in drifting wood-knots — Note.)

Time is a moment in motion. A dance of life/ a dance of death/ a twist of drift-wood buries its roots low/ but turns its silver/ to the light of sun and moon.

Twisted links of night-time-thinks in bed/ embedded as latter dreams of Vivaldi, disguised in Chaplin/ kneeding clay pieta girls into/ child bud-dhas — teaching canadian geese — ZEN ...

(DREAM: charlie chaplin movie — stage-coach chase/ lost. A school, beautiful woodlands. Cardiac child. Nuns. Teaching Zen. I must teach the best way to the child who is to be Buddha.) (DRAW: patterns of flight)

And the gulls / lightning-black knife — to backward thoughts, again...si

VIII- Time follows fishes of thought/ schools of feeling/ bite — biting — bitten — hooked and tied/ into freedom of life/ the cry of hungry gulls/ a fis-her-man...

He cried like a girl/ she crushed a can to be a man/ as beers cooled work/ in summers fire/ he put a sea-horse under her/ and she made his mettle — bridled/ and they rode through seadoms/ as knight and damosel/ and each others squire/ they passed forbidden lands and staked a yes/-sign into the sands — (SI: BE FREE) a si-planted beach — harvesting rosemary and heather. TREAD NOT ON US/ even in sand-alled leather...

IX- Time is a patient work of many fittings. Giving life to learn, to fly, to swim, to run — Time is a patient lug flying to her mate/ on wings he has de-lay- see-ed...

(Award: to Bob DeLay — SI (sic) cey/see/sea De la sea (sic) MAR...)

And in time they paid out patience with a pair of sandals...

(for HALL to see/ to BOB D^E (lay) — and you can see that it is worth thee wait to foot his bill ...)

(EDITORS NOTE: This KNOTBOOK was found on an island beach in the fall of 1963. It was damaged by the sea, but we have tried our very best to present it in its original content. — THANK YOU)

VI- Time is a lasting home of feeling. Time is an active gull, ever hun-
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certain / a ride on land with an aged hitch-hiker -- to a greeting of family-
love / a fading premonition and admission. Time is motion underway...

A virginal shivering / a binding of cold nature -- a cold welding of steel /
a candle-heat of wood and sex smells in the candle flame / motion is said.
Water / sea -- Time is male and female...

VII- (seeing dance and death -- Alive -- in drifting wood-lands -- Note.)

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bitten -- hooked and tied / into freedom of life / the cry of hungry gulls /
a fisherman...

He cried like a girl / she crushed a can to be a man / as beers cooled work /
in summers fire / he put a sea-horse under her / and she made his nettle --
bridled / and they rode through seedoms / as knight and damsel / and each
others square / they passed forbidden lands and staked a yes / sign into the
sands -- (SI: BE FREE) a st-planted beach -- harvesting rosemary and heather.
TREAD NOT ON US / even in sand-sled leather...

IX- Time is a patient work of many fittings. Giving life to learn, to fly,
to swim, to run -- Time is a patient Ing flying to her mate / on wings he
has de-lay-see-ed...

(Award: to Bob Delay -- SI (sic) coy / see / sea De la see (sic) WAR...)

And in time they paid out patience with a pair of sandals...

(for HALL to see / to BOB D (lay) -- and you can see that it is worth three

wait to foot his bill ...

X- Time is a childhood link of whim/sies. (Love is a grasshopper: coming through the grass with a hop E to HER...) thru hopping buttercups until sunshine shows it hope/ and ground becomes firm enough to jump on.....

Barry Bottom: he made his angel castled in sad sand love and happiness/ hearing the rain/ warmed from it/ by a shield of well-heart... (He makes an angel out of a body pressed firmly into sand. Brown-body arms circling beside his small frame — nearby a castle — flying on sand-wings to a new home. Wind-shield flappings in the rain of sun. His son... God bless our happy ho-me... WELL, COME...)

XI- Time beats wings in distant clouds. Time becomes a faith (in time). Faith feeds on faith (seagulls on the si-animals) when faith brings courage.

(God-dares/ godareswear/ dares to be a BE-DARE beard-wolf to scare- SWEAR)

And the heart of time becomes the pendulum of poetry, the ebb-and-flow of time-waves on beach-beating earth-hearts...

(P O E T R Y / poet's try / P O E T — T R E E...)

And they grew and they grew... they grew-up together from seeds and sand/ over-night, over-day. nights-day-year./ throughall the sea waved over and over/ they rolled and wrote phosphorescent-fantasies/ through the night on a mossy barrel-head — sparks/ that faded into fishsmells...

Holding tight — the sun raced up and sizzled in to the sea — fires into this night.

(And through the sparks-light and darkness they/ held onto/schedule, as the boat trebled past a silent gull lording/ the wharf-heap and/ they stayed as part of the sea, and held fast with in/ to the space of home — (of si...)

(RE: MAR "K"'s — i kiss you, my secret sea-mate... love-evols-love)

(SP(ssst: BB — don't leave/ these books/ around...I go/ wild rubbing you/ and making sparks...)

(SI*MARKS in all ways hallways — all ways sway in si (de/me) is (u)

— H(bb)H

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X-Time is a childhood link of white/ies. (Love is a grasshopper; coming through the grass with a hop E to HER...) then hopping butterflies until sunshine shows it hope/ and ground becomes firm enough to jump on.....

Berry Bottom: he made his angel castled in sand and love and happiness/ hearing the rain/ warned from it/ by a shield of well-heart... (He makes an angel out of a body pressed firmly into sand. Brown-body arms circ-ling beside his small frame - nearly a castle - flying on sand-wings to a new home. Wind-shield flapping in the rain of sun. His arm... God bless our happy home... WELL, COME...)

XI-Time bestwings in distant clouds. Time becomes a faith (in time). Faith feeds on faith (seagulls on the si-animals) when faith brings courage.

(God-dares/ God-dareswear/ dares to be a BE-DARE beard-wolf to scare-SWEAR)

And the heart of time becomes the pendulum of poetry, the ebb-and-flow of time-waves on beach-beating earth-hearts...

(P O E T R Y / poet's try / P O E T - T R E E...)

And they grew and they grew... they grew-up together from seeds and sand/ over-night, over-day, nights-day-year, through the sea waved over and over/ they rolled and wrote phosphorescent-fantasies/ through the night on a mossy barley-head - sparks/ that faded into fishmeal...

Holding tight - the sun raced up and staked in to the sea - fire into this night.

(And through the sparks-light and darkness they/ held onto/schedule, as the post tripped past a silent gull lording/ the whirl-hoop and/ they stayed as part of the sea, and held fast with in/ to the space of home - of si...)

(RE: MAR "K" - I kiss you, my secret sea-mate... love-evols-love)

(SP: asst: BB - don't leave/ these books/ around... I go/ wild rubbing you/ and making sparks...)

(SIGNATURES in all ways halfway - all ways away in st (de/me) is (u)

--- H (op) H

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Out of the depths
in the middle
of a mind

The dREAM

must become

it self-poetry

Out of the depths
in the middle
of a mind

The dream

must become

it self - poetry

P O E M

In the middle of poetry
a mind must bury itself

as a body into sand
as a heart into wind
as a love into the naked

(In the middle of poetry
a mind
must bury it-
self into dream...)

For out of the dream

SEA THOU-UGHTS

will become mind --

as the love will be clothed
as the heart will be soiled
as the body will become alive --

with hot sand in your face
your head, and a sea-
horse between your thighs...

Alive within the naked
rhythms of the sea --
as body into sand
as heart into wind
as love into sea --

that circles salt and waves over hot sand,
that carries shell and pulls the wind into its depths.
The depths of

a body sand
a heart wind
a love sea --

Out of the depths

in the middle
of a mind

The dream

must be-

come it-

self-poetry.

THOUGHTS-THOU-SEA

by

poetry

P O E M

SEASIDES

In the middle of poetry
a mind must bury itself
into dream —
as a body into sand
as a heart into wind
as a love into the naked
rhythms of the sea —

(In the middle of poetry
a mind
must bury it-
self into dream...)
For out of the dream
will become mind —
a poem
as the love will be clothed
as the heart will be stilled
as the body will become alive —

(A live

with hot sand in your feet,
your head, and a sea-
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that circles salt
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self-poetry.
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 as love into sea —
 as heart into wind
 as body into sand
 of the sea —
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 Alive
 your head, and a sea-
 with hot sand in your feet,
 (A live
 as the body will become alive —
 as the heart will be still
 as the love will be clothed
 will become mind —
 For out of the dream
 must bury it-
 a mind
 (In the middle of poetry
 into the naked
 as a love
 into wind
 as a heart
 into sand
 as a body
 into dream —
 In the middle of poetry
 a mind must bury itself

he) earth-breaths, hearing heart — he listens...(as wind fingers run down through my head to grass, as winds blowing up from the sea to my sleeping body — My head held to the song-swaying of grasses as it is picked, fluting the sound-strings of sleep, dream-by-the-sea: suns bring faces unknown, but knowing; unseen, but seeing; undreamt, but dreaming —) THE SAME sees differently through the hot sand thoughts of a summer's mind ... slowly, single-dropping into the HOUR glass of a vacation year... his private myth — You

by your body-side — body warming body inside the rain — sleep tossings rounding the sand with hot edges... wet hands clutching wind-direction; grabbing, sifting the sands shifted beneath toes pushed in deep — and digging deeper into for the warm-damp grains below the surface of the beach...(sands falling out of me-in-to-you (a dream amidst mind (hot confusions, illusions of love (the heat of summered desires (the cold of an older passion remembered in the rain of another season...) Hold me (half-tan, half-white) Hold me (in between, around the colourless body of my dreams, secreted within the darkness of deep weeds and dunes) Hold me (circling as the wind and as the sea (Listen...

self-sounds echo in the raining of our beach, turning the sands — the tides of sleep pulling, holding under the waves of storm — (bodies rise heavily from the depths of dreaming (waking in a world greater than that from which they slept (from which they dreamt (I sleeping from you, going in search of home: the door is opened, as if she had just left, or was expected — forever — naked and entranced, entering waving the wind in my towel, sailing strong and full-bodied to shore... (ho (hold (me (

Hold me)...hold me dark and deep...) (I will hold you, hold you, hold you dark and deep...(Hold me into the bottom of the sea, of you-of me, my love, my deep — pull me into the depths of your body that I may feel the deepshallow fish and taste the salt of being...(where I may walk sightless as a crab, where I may hear soundless as an eel, where(I may...touch the tide of soul, feel the wave of mind and be pulled in to the sea of love, sea-king...

the moon, climbing high above this home by the sea...(it is the house that all built of cloud, of sand, and of sun, and hallways room for one more (just come from the moors of dreaming, from the moor of sleeps (touching sky-earth, blue, green(— between small breasts, (out side of self(circling love(inside the heat and cold of a day's yearnight-time) I sea-leaping with You, seeking...(becoming whole with sea and sand — sand and sea with whole coming be) breathing, he(He...earthing... heartheart... hearth... H E A R T

SEASIDES.....

he) earth-breath, hearing heart — he listens... (as wind fingers
run down through my head to grass, as winds blowing up from the sea
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entranced, entering waving the wind in my towel, sailing strong and
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Hold me)... hold me dark and deep... (I will hold you, hold you, hold
you dark and deep... (Hold me into the bottom of the sea, of you-of-
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use that all built of clouds, of sand, and of sun, and hallways room
for one more (just come from the noons of dreaming, from the noon
of sleep) (touching sky-earth, blue, green) — between small prestea,
(out side of self (circling love) inside the heat and cold of a day-
yearnight-time) I see-leaping with you, seeking... (becoming whole
with sea and sand — sand and sea with whole coming be) presteing, he)
He... earthing... heartbeats... heart... H E A R T

COLLAGES

FOR YOU SUMMER ONE

When the Waves are O N
Meet me and we'll G O We'll go.
Life in time we'll have. Weeks together.
Ocean, with you. Sand - Laughing, with you.

(this has to be: his private myth — You
summer vacation —)

in and out of double vision — on love...

DOUBLE deep is the blue
in and up on Y O U —
VISION you in the sea ,
out of through the gap

New and old times tHERE — We'll go ...
O N T H E W A V E S — Meet M E

**

SUNDIAL OF THE SEASONS

counter point
A DAY IN

a love of
THE LIFE

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BLUES

nothing really changes where
poets speak of sea and sky — and
life — where l i f e is a d r e a m —
world, where l i f e is fantasy playing in
the shadows of blue skies, where life is
the tin-foil lining of winds and rains, where
life is an abandoned mind of unabandoned th-
oughts, r u n n i n g wildly through the
circle, and
N O T H I N G

really

C H A N G E S

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New and old times there - We'll go ...
ON THE WAVES - Meet M E

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SUNDIAL OF THE SEASONS

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NOTHING

really

CHANGES

**

SEA ONES

I

HALCYON

VII

The sea is full tonight -- full
of the dream that almost drowned
me -- but the tide has taught me
how to swim...

Nothing light like the sun is
present in her memories of a
humble man -- everything except
the winds w i l l

(clouds, circling bodies, singing in
sleep and salt-sting, winding sheets
cross feathers and wings and sea-
bodies and me diving d e e p in to
the warmed waters of

Y O U r

e
A M ...)

Y O U, full
bodied and be-
arded, glisten

into the blue
wet of earth
and sky, like

satyr, surp-
rised in the
sea grass filled

with the liquids
of love's early
morning,

Taking --

(the surf rises up to your chest and
you, calming the cold waves, rest in
the white peace of fable, reflecting
the waves of light

and of thought...)

Between the eye and the moon,
the sea -- the wall, the
gate, the way --

ly place

A crab walks back-
wards over sand, and circles
under -- I am there

and you are

HALCYON

(clouds, circling bodies, stinging in
sleep and salt-sting, winding sheets
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SEA OMENS

IN NANTUCKET THE POETRY

I

(Seven pomegranates)

VII

The sea is full tonight — full
of the dream that almost drowned
me — but the tide has taught me
how to swim...

Nothing light like the sun is
present in her memories of a
humble man — everything except
the winds will

II

VIII

One day my mind floated
out to sea — a ship in
a bottle was all that came back to
me

Only eye can decide
the complex weather of your heart,
but you may dictate
a course to plot...

III

IX

In and out of the high waves
our desires — phosphorescence —
eyes mirrored in the black night,
still...

h o
l y
h o
l y

IV

X

I wait on the wave of body
for your pulling the tides in and
out,

o u t and in a g a i n...

m e
l a
n c e
h o (y)

V

XI

It is a calm compulsion that pulls
the days away from this island
shore, and I have resigned all
reason to waves

s e a
r w i n g h a n d t h e y
t h e s e v e n y e a r s h u n
n a r k i n g

VI

XII

Between the eye and the moon,
the sea — the wall, the
gate, the way —
it is alone —
ly place

A crab walks back-
wards over sand, and circles
under — I am shore
and you are
..... sea.....

SEASONS

I

The sea is full tonight — full
of the dream that almost drowned
me — but the tide has taught me
how to swim...

VII

Nothing light like the sun is
present in her memories of a
humble man — everything except
the winds w i l l

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IX

h o
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IV

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XI

s e s
h r
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m k in s

VI

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the sea — the wall, the
gate, the way —
it is alone —
ly place

XII

A crab walks back-
wards over sand, and circles
under — I am shore
and you are
..... sea

IN NANTUCKET THE POETRY

(Seven pomeographs)

Nantucket poetry begins
within an open door: a door opened to the hot
sand of feet, opened to the sun and salt of wet bodies,
opening to the wild, worn sea treasures which they are
carrying (conscientiously) to the light and warmth of home.

A door dark-red from all the blood and heart
that has passed through it, as even now the wind is
passing...

II

...while all around are standing the sentinel
sticks, minstrel decoys of surf and sand, piping
their songs of golden sunseting — and rising again
between cattail, cork and conch — (once there were
three, then they were four

on the long ledge be-
fore sky, grass, sand, and the sea.

III

And this is the house that ALL built —
the rough beard in the diamond (between a K and
Tennasee). Do not be put on by him — He is only
the backwoods god and prime-trimmer of this house of
candle and caterpillar, wine and whales, and woods drifted
from which he made another home beside a boat whose oarlocks
now hang to chime the wind — And above this BOTTOMBLESSed
house flies a red flag with the white circle of ALL at peace.

IV

At peace with the silence of a gull's wing, and the
questions of a boy in his seven years light of sun
and sky and seeing — and even at peace with this piece —
(w)here could it have come from: a seagull looking for
her wing (but not wanting to fly, she laughs and turns
away) or a B(etterfly) cleverly disguised as a costumed
tourist with a monster-mouth from over-ex-~~pose~~-U's 2
moon-beams! Enough to make even a swearwolf laugh — fiSHE.

A scarewolf with diamond-beard is one that few people dare
laugh at — but he is very good to laugh with because even
moon-people know that wolves give puppy-dog sniffs and you
can't curb a god when he is in the sun with a bottomless boy
(even if he is a backwardsniff — ffins...).

IN NANTUCKET THE POETRY

(Seven poems)

The poetry begins
within an open door: a door opened to the hot
sand of feet, opened to the sun and salt of wet bodies,
opening to the wild, worn sea treasures which they are
carrying (constantly) to the light and warmth of home.

A door dark-red from all the blood and heart
that has passed through it, as even now the wind is
passing...

II

...while all around are standing the sentinel
sticks, mineral decays of sun and sand, piping
their songs of golden sunset — and rising again
be it seen catfish, cork and conch — (once there were
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on the long ledge be-
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the rough beard in the diamond (between a K and
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the backwoods god and prime-trainer of this house of
candle and caterpillar, wine and whales, and woods drifted
from which he made another home beside a host whose carlocks
now hang to chime the wind — And above this BOTTOMLESS
house flies a red flag with the white circle of All at peace.

IV

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and sky and seeing — and even at peace with his piece —
(where could it have come from: a seagull looking for
her wing (but not wanting to fly, she laughs and turns
away) or a B (utterly) cleverly disguised as a costumed
tourist with a monster-mouth from over-exposed U's 2
moon-beams! Enough to make even a swearwolf laugh — FISH.

A swearwolf with diamond-beard is one that few people dare
laugh at — but he is very good to laugh with because even
moon-people know that wolves give puppy-dog sniffs and you
can't curb a god when he is in the sun with a bottomless boy
(even if he is a backwordsniff — fline...).

V

A boy who asks what crab walked backwards
from out of this shell — a boy whose ques-
tions have a bottom and he remains: captive
and captain of his answers with a wheel-to-
steer between his heart and a wind always
at his back... (

(Is it really our dog father at tac-full peace?
or is god not a backwards dog at all, but a cat
cleverly disguised as Charlie Brown...?)

VI

There is no disguising the sadness of departure.
It is a difficult thing to leave an island —
an island that stands, not gray but sharply white
this A.M. — at seven suns of morning. But when
a man of soul has come to SEE you off, and with the
sea gulls he remains without even waving — that is
the departure of your sadness.

And yet, the crying
of a gull follow in the wake
as I leave the island.
(After the waves, see the silent vision of one who
flies on a cat tail's whisper a w a y ...)

VII

... leaving, but with the strength of sun to look in-
to the new light of another island — an island where
old friends wait to hear the wonders of sea —
The salt
of memories encircles the bowed head of a small boy,
lost in the quiet shell of self-at-sea : silent,
waiting to be heard.

You put cat-tails, scalloped shells and driftwood in-
to a white sea-bag but

the more you take, the
more that is left behind.....

It is enough to know

that every sandpiper will find his
song,

walking by the sea —

sea-depths of

your dream

opened)

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from out of this shell -- a boy whose ques-
tions have a bottom and he remains: captive
and captain of his answers with a wheel-to-
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more that is left behind.....

It is enough to know
that every sandpiper will find his

songs,
walking by the sea --

A CHRISTMAS BY THE SEA

MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE

Our Christmas evening, you rest
narcosed in a burlap chair,
You went to my head
without ever a thought of leaving
and so I let my mind wash-out to sea
(if you would wait until it comes back
to me)

Thrice orange circles above
the fish — gold swimming in small seas,
one on each side of the tree — a drift-

HER MOUTH OPENED

Wood tree with branches wind-bent and
sun-bleached, rooted in-
to the blue sheet of the muddy sand

b
PLUM line

Beach. Betwixt grass and cat-tail, white lights shine
over a rock crèche of fish-bats and conch

say ing KISS

Shell. Scalloped ornaments rotate on mar-
lin line, and a few imagined
bones cradle they were swimming.

Molluscan angels fly like gulls with mistle-
toe and holly, and whales teeth
stocking small gifts — stripped

SEA * KING

Candies and red berries, and occasion-
ally wine which I pour now, for you, my

I cup your sleep- my deep, with all my

ing head

Love. Presence from this bottle, (Here
be t ween season, we meet again and melt

ry the snow into same hands and holding up

To white heat with memories held of a sur-

put my lips (A R O U N D

shadow cut across the room, around the beach and

the hot circles of

Reach up into tree, touching angels
even gulls, fish...) found by the

drinking in to And the rest (half-

sea-depths of

your dream

(Baltimore, 1964)

opened)

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Your mouth

drinking in to (half-

sea-depths of

Your dream

(opened)

A CHRISTMAS BY THE SEA

Our Christmas evening, you rest
marooned in a burlap chair,
looking a cross between a shepherd,

A king and your self. The last
waves of light fade in
to your face. The bird hesitates (

It is so silent) to bathe; she
waits and wades into her green dish
as orange expands into orange, as

Thrice orange circles above
the fish — gold swimming in small seas,
one on each side of the tree — a drift—

Wood tree with branches wind-bent and
sun-bleached, stands tall, rooted in—
to the blue sheet of its newly sanded

Beach. Between wreaths and twines of sea-
grass and cat-tail, white lights shine
over a rock creche of fish-nets and conch

Shell. Scalloped ornaments rotate on mar-
lin line, in and out, and fish
bones cradle ships. Above

Molluscan angels fly like gulls with mistle-
toe and holly, and whales teeth
stocking small gifts — stripped

Candies and red berries, and occasion-
ally wine which I pour now, for you, my
love, my fish, my deep, with all my

Love. Prescence from this bottle, (Here
in the winter season, we meet again and melt
the snow into sand grains and fall in—

To white heat with memories held of a sum-
nered desire) (you wake as I watch your
shadow cut across the room, around the beach and

Reach up into tree, touching angel wings
even gulls, fish...) found by the
sea. Christmas. And the rest

Is ours.

(Baltimore, 1964)

A CHRISTMAS BY THE SEA

Our Christmas evening, you rest
narrowed in a purlap chair,
looking a cross between a shepherd,

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Gardies and red berries, and occasion-
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mered desire) (you wake as I watch your
shadow cut across the room, around the beach and

Reach up into trees, touching angel wings
even gulls, fish...) found by the
sea. Christmas. And the rest

Is ours.

(Baltimore, 1964)

HARBOR

Why all the noise about a sea that is
too far away to hear anything we say. Mute
longings of song and sand, matching fish
swimmings and cloud races across the sky and
strange bodies of water — Winds stroke the wings
of wild birds, flying above where we stay whis-
pering and tip-to-ed together between harbor-
ing bodies.

BEACH

(...blue sea clouds happen love up-
on beaching,
sea grass blown, tight to winds...
We fell into the depths of each other, and I held
my self (except for the hands) out
of reach in your
body — except for the hands we held —
touching.

MARKINGS

MAR (between leaves and the sea) KINGS —
a shadow of
gulls puzzling love on beaches, flies from left to
right around us (as we lie-arm-spread across the
beach, touching wings, re-
aching into the skies of
rain clouds moving in the winds of an approaching
storm) p a s s i n g — within us — pass —

S I N G...

HARBOR

Why all the noise about a sea that is
too far away to hear anything we say. Mute
longings of song and sand, watching fish
swimming and along races across the sky and
strange bodies of water --- Winds stroke the wings
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storm) p a s s i n g --- within us --- pass --
S I N G...

M A R I E

The eye
 seeing
 the colours of mind,
 creates your prescene — HERe
 with
 red books
 white dreams
 yellow light
 green dust
 and the blUes of friendship and love.

RED
 reading
 righteous re-
 lationships,
 She could
 answer to another life
 she has read,
 but more readily
 she should begin
 to write.

Given: f I've years —
 she sleeps
 WHITE
 sleepless dreams,
 and waking
 after one —
 nights' would
 be dark...
 if the sun could not let some

YELLOW
 come in, though lightly —
 she springs, like grass —

GREEN
 when something has to be done
 with dishes and dust (and this is very new to us —)

but:
 the BLUES of friend —

ship,
 Have ALL your smiles, and
 waves the depths of YOUR

sea —
 Ing.

M A R I E

The eye
seeing
the colour of mind,
creates your presence — HERE
with
red books
white dreams
yellow light
green dust
and the blues of friendship and love.

RED
reading
righteous re-
lationships,
She could
answer to another life
she has read,
but more readily
she should begin
to write.

Given: I've years —
she sleeps
sleepless dreams,
after one —
WHITE
and waiting

night's, would
be dark...
if the sun could not let some
come in, though lightly —
YELLOW

she springs, like grass —
GREEN
when something has to be done
with dishes and dust (and this is very new to us —)

but:
the
BLUES of friend —

ship,
H ave ALL your smiles, and
w aves the depths of your

see —
Ing.

SEA SONG

O- Death, eat the heart of thy self and be done with this festal feasting.
Feed I. Not with feathers of Vaded truth, but with BARRY feelings. In
the fallow fields see the fettered flock fall forwards and follow. Yellow
wings flapping and yellowing below towards the sea. They would sing if U
were in the post-tree.

Past	Meeting	S
Legends -	Animal	E
Apples,	Kinships	V
You	Imagination	E
Invent	Nurtures	N
New	Gods.	l
Ganes.	hold, depths of hall	

For my II I sought thee in VI to soften us as barriers that ripen rose
and red in wine in the sun of morning, and grow roots even to sand and in
thickets and in the night-black time of death.

Even	Shadows	S
Worlds	Evening,	il, scum under us.
Into	Entering	
Natural	Into	dumb on hearth as it is even in earth.
Gravity	Night	(to Vi)
Inside	Gray.	is too much oil spilt, spilt -- spoiled,
Narrow	(	between your shells words rot and decay,
Grounds.	Ships	counter-band like dead fish reeking in the
III	Everywhere	licks to every ray of the sun and
its poisonous sting	Always	sky. Skismall of fish who once
could swim, who circled the	Individual,	to him, and whose fins stroked still
lysing onto your shores.	Nantucket	
Collecting	Gifts.	
Leaves,	Singing	
Imitating	I	shall calling: if U love me don't pull
Monsters,	Islands	heart as it is in hall. Our words ever
Branched	Naturally	less two us four we art here and know.
Illuminations,	Great.	)
Navigating		
Green.		

Give me slowly to the silence of seas and sun in the shaking black
fear no-eight. Thinking of us warmer we're (the
at-ace and we at-tempt to reason. resting thoughts
and desire and secrets are not created in veins.

B old	Laughing	B ecoming
A ttacks -	O ffering	E ight,
T rojans,	V ariety -	G rowing
T artars,	I ndividuality	I nto
L egions,	N ecessitates	N ine -
I nfantry -	G enerosity.	N ew
N earby,		I nterests,
G iants		N ature's
		G ifts...

Shhhhh...

BARRY

V

I

S
E
V
E
N
P
O
E
M
S

M eating
A animal
K kinship
I imagination
N natures
G gods

P eat
L legends
A apples
Y ew
I invent
N ew
G games

VI

II

S shadows
E evening
E entering
I into
N light
G ray
(
S hips
E everywhere
A ways
I individual
N antucket
G lifts
S inging
I
I islands
N sturdily
G rest
(

S even
W erids
I nto
N atural
G ravity
I inside
N arrow
G rounds

III

C collecting
L leaves
I mistaking
M masters
B reached
I illuminations
N navigating
G reem

VII

IV

(the
B becoming
E light
G rowing
I into
N line
N ew
I nterests
N ature's
G lifts...

I laughing
O offering
V variety
I individuality
N necessities
G generosity

B old
A attacks
T rojans
T artars
I regions
I nstantly
N empty
G fants

SEA CANT

0- Death, eat the heat of thy self and be done with this festal festering. Feed us. Not with feathers of faded truth, but with fettle feelings. In the fallow fields see the fettered flock fall forwards and follow. Yellow wings flapping and yellowing below towards the sea. They would sing if U would sing in the poet-tree.

depths of hell, hold fill full this heart
high this love, take song, save this soul
this fear, show them not a fear, show them this
song, save this soul will love, take this high
full fill this heart soul hold, depths of hell

For my sake I sought thee in vine to soften us as berries that ripen raw and red in wine in the sun of morning, and grow roots even in sand and in thickets and in the night-black time of death.

20 illuminate water-spottings and spoil, scum under us.

20- Thy dingdom come, thy kill be dumb on hearth as it is even in earth.

THREE- Hollow be thy name. There is too much oil spilt, split — spoiled, stuck to your riggings and in between your shells words rot and decay, caught in speechless exile they counter-band like dead fish reeking in the heat of an isolated beach. Their stink sticks to every ray of the sun and squirts its poisonous sting into the sky. Skiesmell of fish who once could swim, who circled their talkings to him, and whose fins stroked still hymning onto your shores.

4our- ever for and ever forth, fore thou-ought are king. The fish hymn of men, men fish for her between the devil and the star they drag their nets, but she retreats to her scalloped shell calling: if U love me don't pull your boat off the sea at night. In heart as it is in hell. Our words ever forth, ever for words; our means-sing-less two us four we art here and know. He art ever where.

5ive- rocking slowly to the silence of seas and sun in the shaking black fear of no-night. thinking of places warmer we're hearts and minds as sail, at-ease and we at-tempt to reason. resting thoughts lie peace-full of love, and desire and secrets are not created in veins.

6ix- in the nightmared moorings of sleep, i am alone; in this seaside room, moored to silence by your present — absence. The fog covers the dock and hides my ships from your sea. And U from me. I lie backwards. And you from me. I lie backwards. And me from U. I lie backwards. And me from you. Hear the horns. We passships in this fog. We passships in the gray clouds of a motion immotion...the sound is hollow...shhhhh...emotion sign- all our love wants from ocean to shore around empty ferrys and empty deck-chairs. There are no seamen on watch in your crowded harbor of lost boats. Only single-celled fish, de-lighting in lightly filled sirings devoid of all me-aning of the-male and fe-male.

Shhhhh...

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depths of hell, hold	fill fill this heart
high this love, take	song, save this soul
this fear, show them	fear, show them this
song, save this soul	love, take this high
fill fill this heart	hold, depths of hell

For my sake I sought thee in vine to soften us as berries that ripen raw
and red in wine in the sun of morning, and grow roots even in sand and in
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He art ever where.

Give-rocking slowly to the silence of seas and sun in the shaking black
fear of no-night, thinking of places warmer we're hearts and minds as sail,
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Only single-called fish, de-lighting in lightly filled strings devoid of
all meaning of the male and fe-male.

Shhhhh...

7even- U are fright. I am full of fear. Fie on U loyal friend of mercy.
Fashion frees my thoughts to ash -- HA! -- as he was freed. Fie on you
loyal friend of mercy. See me -- U are me : You are me -- why? Fie on
U and on you, and on our end. I defy your end.

8ight- (take me strong and forget all the wrongs that have been done un-
to you... remember what sent you here to me...) GETFOR YOURSELF MASTER:
re-be me and smell the scents of thishell-hollowed-hole U offer me. I am
better off with out U. U who call in the moor: WOE unto MAN. U who pro-
miss love. I mis-trust U. I will not accept your treasures -- treasures
surely laid up I would heave-on. I will hold fast and I will hold fat as
I can to my pleasures of spirit and soul. I will press on more surely to
steal silence for the soft moments of my pleasure. If pressed I will fi-
ght -- de-sup-ex-- i'm willing. I will shake apples from your boughs to
fore bidden grounds, and in joy I will swing and lay aside all aims for the
fun of it; kneeling in fun I will hear the bells and laugh and cry and co-
ugh in your face. I will not plea for mercy -- This will be a real fun.

9ine- years seam like endless sea-leaves, full of sand and fleas, untimed
and timing our weak and we are dazed as rabbits in a hat our ears too long
we hear too much and are dumb seeing shows behind sea-loose doors and blin-
ded window pains. We pretend to mime sea-elves dancing gayily on the shor-
eline in the moon light; In this nightmare we are allone.

10- Life, I hear your whine, I feel your wind, and my mind feeds on your
dream -- I am ready. I know that seas are yellow, the suns are blue in
the green love of i for u. We will go well -- we'll go. We'll bow and
stern the tides and swim with waves. We'll fish for sole and clam. We
will go well in our freedom at sea. We will sing a new cant of the sea.
Let us chant unto death and be free.

hell of depths, hold	this heart full fill
love, take this high	soul, save this song
show them this, fear	show them this, fear
save this song, soul	take this love, high
this heart fill full	depths of hell, hold

For thou only art he. For thou ought whole. For thou only are free.

I 2 A M E N D

U and on you, and on our end. I defy your end.
Loyal friend of mercy. See me — U are me — why? Life on
Fashion frees my thoughts to ask — HAI — as he was freed. Life on you
Even — U are fright. I am full of fear. Life on U loyal friend of mercy.

Right — (take me strong and forget all the wrongs that have been done un-
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surely laid up I would heave-on. I will hold fast and I will hold fast as
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ugh in your face. I will not plea for mercy — This will be a real fun.

Nine-years seem like endless sea-leaves, full of sand and fleas, untamed
and timing our weak and we are dazed as rabbits in a hat our ears too long
we hear too much and are dumb seeing shows behind sea-loose doors and blind-
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Let us chant unto death and be free.

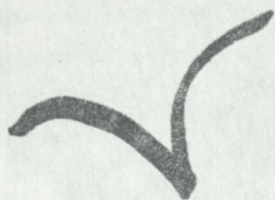
hell of depths, hold	this heart full fill
love, take this high	soul, save this song
show them this, fear	show them this, fear
save this song, soul	take this love, high
this heart full fill	depths of hell, hold

For thou only art he. For thou only are free.

I S A M E D

A body **IN** sand
A heart wind
A Love Sea-

A body
A foot
A close
- 692
wind
sand



CRYINGS of a Gull
Follow in the wake

As I

Leave the island



✓
Cryings of a Gull
Follow in the wake

As I
Leave the island

